

## Among the Apple Trees

A Story of Farm Life

By CLIFFORD V. GREGORY

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### CHAPTER VIII.

ONE day shortly before time to go back to school Beth came out to see the girls.

"College life seems to agree with you," she said. "You look happier than ever, and that's a good deal."

"I don't see how any one can help being happy," said Gladys. "There's so much to do, and it's so much fun to do it, and, anyway, it's fun just to be alive."

"At college especially," added Mabel. "There's something happening every minute, and it's all so very interesting. But you look as if something was the matter, Beth. Aren't you well?"

Beth made a pitiful attempt to smile and burst out crying. After a moment she controlled herself with an effort. "I—I ought not to tell," she said, "and I wouldn't to any one but you, but it's—Harold."

"What?" exclaimed Mabel. "He isn't sick?"

Beth shook her head. "I almost wish he was," she said, "instead of this."

The girls waited sympathetically for her to go on. "Harold got in with a fast set at college," Beth continued after a moment. "You know how open hearted and easily influenced he was? Well, as soon as the boys found out that he had plenty of money they got him to join what was supposed the most fashionable fraternity in school, but which must have been the wickedest. Harold isn't the kind of a boy to do anything halfway. He thought he must do everything the rest of the boys in his set did, and he got to leading a pretty wild life, I'm afraid."

Beth paused for a moment and then went on. "He went into athletics and soon became a football star, whatever that is. Of course he was immensely popular—there was a note of pride in her voice—but with this popularity came more temptations to get away from all the best part of college life and go in simply for the sporty part of it. The end of it all was that he got to gambling and got into debt so badly that he was almost afraid to come home. Papa gave him an awful lecture—he shuddered at the recollection—and Harold finally got angry himself and said he couldn't be young but once, and he was going to enjoy life while he could."

"Then mamma talked to him, and he finally broke down and promised to do better. Papa wanted to take him out of school and put him to work at something, but he finally agreed to give him one more chance."

None of the girls said anything for a long time after Beth had finished. "Harold could be such a splendid man if he would only try," said Gladys at last. "With the ability he has—why, he might be the best lawyer in the state."

"Maybe it isn't altogether his fault," said Mabel. "It must be hard to stand out against all the rest of the fellows."

"That's the trouble," said Beth. "He got in with the wrong kind of crowd to start with."

"I don't believe the boys at Ames are that way," said Mabel, "at least none that I know."

Gladys smiled. "There are a whole lot there that you don't know," she said. "There might be a great deal of improvement in the Ames boys; but, all the same, I don't believe there could be any other school as nice as Ames. Why can't you come down with us next term?" she added, turning to Beth.

Beth shook her head. "I'm going to Iowa City," she said. "Maybe I can help Harold. It's going to be a hard enough fight for him anyway."

"Are you really going to the university?" asked Gladys. "We'll come over and see you the day of the Minnesota game next fall if we get an invitation," she added.

"I'll give you a standing invitation now that is good for any day in the year," Beth answered. "And I wish,"



# Apply Yourself

THE men who are doing the big things in the world are not, strictly speaking, men of genius. Most of them are men of mediocre abilities, but of untiring perseverance. They are not the sort of men known as "gifted," "naturally bright," etc. They are plain men who have applied themselves diligently to their work, and their rise in the world due solely to this valuable habit of application. The secret of every man's success, who has worked his way from poverty to affluence, is that he has applied himself closely to his work, ignored outside influences, and refused to be discouraged over obstacles. Success means work just as certainly as work means success. Don't think you are destined to make a failure of life merely because you don't seem to possess marked ability. Common, average ability, coupled with resolute purpose, ambition, and persistent application, will enable you to reach any goal. Remember that the knowledge that fits a man for eminence in any profession or calling is not inherited—it is acquired as a result of patient, continued, and earnest application. Therefore, decide what you want to be, and as sure as you work diligently and faithfully that is what you will be.

## Succeeded Through Application.

It was application that enabled B. K. Bunch to learn how to build various electric light plants in Missouri and to gain such a knowledge of the telephone business to become manager of the Herndon Telephone Company here in Marshall.

It was application that enabled R. J. Irvine, through an I. C. S. Course, to master the electrical business and become manager of the Marshall Light, Heat and Power Co.

Many other men in Marshall and vicinity have raised their pay through I. C. S. Courses. Come to our Window Display the week of September 12th and let us talk over your future.

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she added, "that you would talk to Harold before he goes back. He has a whole lot of respect for you girls and your opinions."

Then the talk drifted to other things—dresses, music and that great unknown that is so close and yet so far away that people call the future. Gladys brought some apples and the corn popper, and they sat down on the floor before the open fire—Mr. Sanders had insisted on building a little fireplace in the guest chamber—and popped corn and roasted apples and talked until the night was far gone.

Gladys had a headache—an unusual thing for her—the next day, so Mabel hitched Mollie to the cutter and drove Beth back to town. Harold came down to the gate as he saw them drive up. He lifted his cap in the same old jaunty way, and the same smile lingered about the corners of his mouth as he talked, but in many other ways he was greatly changed. He had grown and was superbly muscled. As he lounged against the gatepost with the careless grace of a young athlete Mabel could not help admiring him.

Yet there was a half wild, shifty look in his eyes as if some secret was hidden behind them that Mabel noted with quick disapproval. His mouth, too, when not curved upward in a smile had an uncertain droop that indicated weakness and a desire to be led rather than to lead.

"Where have I seen that horse before?" he asked as he helped Beth to the ground. "Oh, yes, I remember now! Gladys rode her up to Uncle Grey's one night about two years ago, and I drove her home." He hesitated a moment. "I haven't had a sleigh ride this winter," he said, looking up at Mabel with that comically pleading look of his that seldom failed to get him anything he wanted.

"Does that mean that you'd like one?" Mabel asked. "If it does Mollie and I are at your service—that is, if I may go along."

"Of course I want you along," he said as he stepped to the seat beside her. "A sleigh ride alone isn't much fun."

"You've changed a great deal since I saw you last," he went on after they were out in the road again. "I thought you were Gladys when I saw you drive up."

"What a compliment," laughed Mabel. "Don't you wish I were?"

Harold hesitated a moment. "No," he replied; "I don't know that I do. Gladys expects too much of a fellow, and she has such a way of making him feel so deuced uncomfortable."

"Maybe it's good for a fellow to feel uncomfortable once in awhile," said Mabel, looking at him gravely.

Harold shook his head. "Not too uncomfortable," he said. "It may make him reckless."

"Was that what was the matter?" asked Mabel.

Harold looked up quickly. "Did Gladys tell you?" he questioned.

Mabel shook her head. "No," she answered, "but I guessed. It's too bad, but do you think things like those that happened last term are going to help it?"

"Of course not," Harold answered.

"But what's the use of trying to be anybody? I felt like I wanted to just cut loose and have a good time and go to the devil," he added recklessly.

"And so you cut loose," Mabel interposed, "and almost went to the fellow you spoke of. But did you have a good time?"

"A good time?" he cried. "I was crazy, and when I came to my senses enough to realize what I was doing I hated myself."

Mabel sat thinking for a long time. "You are going back," she said at last—"back to the same old crowd of fellows, the same old associations and temptations. Can you—will you—keep the promise you made your father and mother and Beth?"

Harold caught his breath sharply. A vision of the parlors of the Rau Ta Snipelson house rose up before him. He could see the blue smoke curling upward to join the haze that hung over the heads of the excited forms that hung over the card table, and he could hear the sneers of the fellows and their cries of "quitter" as a boy threw his cards into the fire and went upstairs to study.

Then he turned and looked into the sweet face beside him, the delicately molded, sensitive chin, the serious mouth and then into the clear depths of those questioning, trusting brown eyes.

"Do you believe I can?" he asked. "I know you can," she answered. "Then I will," he said.

The next semester was a repetition of the first for Gladys and Mabel, with more work, more achievements and if possible more enjoyment.

Gladys, with her self-reliant, masterful way of meeting and settling all problems that came to her, quickly became a leader among the girls, and Mabel's quick sympathy and eagerness to be doing something for somebody made her the confidant and adviser of almost every girl in the dormitory.

The weeks passed quickly and soon brought June and another vacation.

The clover had killed out the winter before in the orchard, and as soon as the girls reached home they packed away their books and their college dresses and, putting on their calico aprons and broad brimmed straw hats, set to work to kill the weeds and prepare the ground for another crop of clover.

"We can afford to take good care of it," Gladys told Mr. Pearson as he stopped by the fence on his way to town one day. "It's doing enough for us."

The top grafts began to bear that year, and the trees were loaded with a plentiful supply of fine fruit. It seemed as if every one else had plenty of apples that year, too, and the bottom dropped out of the apple market.

Snyder had given up his attempts at manipulating prices, however, and Gladys found no difficulty in getting the storage company to put away a hundred barrels which she and Mabel had decided to hold for a higher price.

Another school year opened, and almost before the girls realized it Thanksgiving day was at hand and with it the great Iowa-Minnesota football game. Jeff had written to Gladys

to ask her if she still remembered their agreement, so that she knew that he must have made the team. His letters did not come very often any more, and when they did they said very little about himself. They had seen by the paper that he had been placed second in the state oratorical contest, but he never told them that sitting up with a sick roommate two nights previous was all that kept him from getting first nor that the governor of the state had shook his hand when it was over and told him that he had a great future before him as an orator.

Beth had been renewing her invitation in every letter she had written that term, and two days before the game she even went so far as to call them up over the telephone. So the day before Thanksgiving the girls packed their suit cases and took the train for Iowa City to be present at the biggest western football game of the season.

To be continued

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stewart of Kansas City, are visiting the latter's brother, J. T. Featherstone and family.

## "I Am Glad"

writes Mrs. Ethel Newlin, of Liberty Center, Ind., "that I began to take Cardui, for it has cured me, and I will never forget it. I cannot praise Cardui too highly for what it did for me. Before I began to take it, I was very bad color, suffered great pain and weighed only 105 pounds. Now I have a good color, do not suffer and weigh 125 lbs."

**Take CARDUI**  
The Woman's Tonic

Beware of strong, noxious, mineral drugs, that sink into your system, like lead to the bottom of a basin of water.

Cardui is purely vegetable and contains no poisonous minerals, or dangerous drugs.

It is perfectly safe and harmless, for use by old and young, and may be taken, as a tonic, for months, without any possible harmful effect. Try it.

## County News

From Our Exchanges

### SWEET SPRINGS

The Sweet Springs Produce Co. has moved to its handsome new quarters on Spring street. The new building was built on the ruins of the old one burned a year ago, and is made of brick and cement and has all the conveniences for handling the big business that the Company has built up by its business like and honest methods.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hocker will be at home the first of the week. Mr. Hocker is much improved in health. —Miss Jessie Bellamy will arrive home from Marshall Friday, where she visited her brother Will and other friends for a week. —Herald.

### For Use on Face and Hands

Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve is the best. It is a creamy snow white ointment and one 25c box will last three months.

### SLATER

The 60-acre farm of James M. Johnson, located about three and one half miles northwest of Arrow Rock, was sold here last Tuesday under a deed of trust. It was purchased by Frank Brockway of Arrow Rock township, for \$3000.

—Bud Hardin purchased the 120 acre farm of James Rodgers in the Sharon neighborhood this week for \$97.50 per acre. The sale was negotiated by R. A. Jenkins of this place. —Albert D. Wehinger and wife of Kingman, Kansas, are the guests of Mr. Wehinger's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. M. Baier. They expect to go to New Frankfort the latter part of this week to visit Mr. Wehinger's parents. —Harry Arbogast, of the New Frankfort neighborhood, left here this week for the Woodmen's Sanitarium at Colorado Springs on account of his health. —Rustler.

### Best Ever Used

A. B. Heinlein, Harrison, Idaho, says: "I have used Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey for coughs and Colds and it is the best I have ever tried. Look for the Bell on the bottle."

### BLACKBURN

There is entirely too much thieving going on around town. Fruit and chickens have been taken repeatedly, but the climax was reached Monday night when Lemmon Brothers' team was stolen from the hitch rack. They came in to attend a meeting of the Odd Fellows lodge. When they went to get their team it was gone. They found it about 11 o'clock at Neinheiser's farm. Something should be done to stop this stealing. —Mr. and Mrs. L. Sunderbrink were called to Warrenton, Mo. Sunday by a telegram stating that her brother had died.

—We are sorry to say that Mrs. Martha Blackford is no better. —Miss Nellie Curtius began her school at Elmwood Monday. —Miss Natalie Dowden who secured the Edwards school for this winter, left Sunday to open school Monday. Her school is north of Grand Pass. —Record

### Sore Eyes of 3 Years Standing

cured. Miss Effie Faulkner, New Castle, Pa., writes: "Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve cured me of a case of sore eyes of three years standing. I cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a remedy."

### ARROW ROCK

Miss Lee Lawless left the first of the week to open her school near Slater where she will teach this winter. —Sunny Cavit and Katherine Williams, col., were married at the home of John Brown last Sunday afternoon. Parson Brown officiating. —W. P. Wisdom made a business trip to Marshall last Saturday. He is a very accommodating fellow and we are under obligations to him for bringing us down a lot of new type. —Grace, the little twenty months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Caton died at their home here Tuesday at about 11 o'clock in the morning after an illness of several months. The funeral services were conducted at the Baptist church Wednesday afternoon by Rev. Houston after which the remains were interred in the cemetery here. The Statesman extends sympathy to the bereaved ones. —Statesman.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

### NELSON

A young lady of this city is very kind hearted. She persuaded her masculine caller from the country to spend the night Sunday, as the heavy rain would probably ruin his favorite suit. —G. W. Hindman of the country is convalescing of his recent illness. —Dr. Nuckles of Marshall will come to this city Monday to treat his patients of which he has four. —Lewis Petry and wife went to Kansas City Wednesday to hear Roosevelt and while there purchased a Ford touring car which is to be delivered overland, but Lewis says he might exchange it for an aeroplane if it continues to rain. —Advance.

### What to do in Case of Accident

If skin is broken apply Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain at once and the wound will heal quickly and never get sore. Used internally and externally.

### MIAMI

R. J. Latimer who lives near Sharon was kicked in the face by a mule Wednesday. He was shearing the mule and thinks the point of the shears struck him. The mule's hoof struck Latimer on the nose between the eyes and over the right eye, cutting the eye lid badly. His physician thinks the sight of the right eye may be destroyed. —News.

### Blood Poison

Is prevented by applying Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain to cuts, scratches and bruises. It destroys all septic matter enables the wound to heal without soreness. Be sure to get Dr. Bell's.

### Fertilizers for Wheat

The use of fertilizers with wheat in many sections of Missouri is becoming a common practice. Most of the lands of the state of medium poor fertility where wheat is grown respond to an application of fertilizers and the following general recommendations are made concerning their use.

On badly worn lands the most remunerative fertilizer application for wheat will usually be one of the complete fertilizers containing from 11-2 to 12-2 per cent nitrogen from 8 to 12 per cent available phosphoric acid and from 2 and 3 percent potash applied with a fertilizer drill at the rate of 100 to 150 pounds per acre at the time the wheat is sown. On lands that have been fairly well kept up in humus by crop rotation, manuring and legume growing the application of 125 to 150 pounds of good grade of steamed bone meal will be better practice. Such a bone meal will contain approximately 11-4 per cent nitrogen and from 28 to 30 per cent phosphoric acid, about one-half of which is available. The raw bone meal will also give good returns but it contains from 21-2 to 4 per cent nitrogen which is more than one can afford to apply if the nitrogen has been maintained by proper systems of farming. The use of 150 to 200 pounds of acid phosphate on such lands will also be very remunerative. This acid phosphate contains from 14 to 16 per cent phosphoric acid, practically all of which is available and its cost is around \$17 per ton while the steamed bone costs about \$25 and the raw bone about \$28 per ton. The acid phosphate has a tendency to cause the land to become sour with continued use and especially on lands where lime is already beginning to be needed its long continued use is not so desirable as that of bone meals. The bone meals also have a more lasting effect due to the large amount of phosphorus which they contain in a more or less insoluble form and their use is to be recommended in preference to the acid phosphate. —Prof. M. F. Miller.

### How's This

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Miss P. M. Collins is spending the week with Miss Lucille Wright at Sedalia.